

THE CELINA DEMOCRAT

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FRIDAY, March 3, 1911

Granddad's Little Fling

By ANNE H. WOODRUFF

(Continued from last week.)

fellers—Oh, pahaw! and here I be on the flat of my back!"

"Them fellers" were troubling Sibella's thoughts as she walked from the hospital to Clark street. It seemed in no wise strange, therefore, that she should come face to face with them on the corner, as they were about to enter a saloon. They did not notice her, and hastily entering the nearest drug store, she rang up the police station, waiting in a fever of impatience until the patrol appeared and the arrests were made. To her surprise there were four prisoners instead of two.

"Nabbed the whole bunch," one of the policemen informed her, gleefully—"and the money, too."

"Then the old man will get his money back?" asked Sibella.

"The policeman's 'Sure!' made her very happy, and she could scarcely wait until the next afternoon to pay her charge another visit. When she did call the next day, the nurse left them alone for a few moments, and suddenly, without warning, a big, bronzed young fellow opened the door, and walked quietly to the bedside.

"Well, granddad," he said, "had about enough of Chicago?"

Granddad's eyes opened wide. "You bet," he answered, with a sheepish, but delighted grin. "The ranch is good enough for me. I'll not leave it again until I'm carried off. And you may thank this little girl here that I'm as comfortable as I be."

The young westerner wheeled about, and they were face to face.

"Sibella!"

"Jack!"

Both her hands were in his, and granddad entirely forgotten, when he

recalled them to a sense of their whereabouts by crying, excitedly: "Now I know! Now I know! She's the girl you always kept on your bureau—the picture, I mean. Well, I am glad! She'll like the ranch; won't she, Jack?" There was no mistaking the love light that irradiated Sibella's eyes, and found a reflection in Jack's. He sank back on his pillow with a sigh of content, as the nurse ushered into the room two men from the detective bureau, who had come to report progress.

"What was the amount of your loss?" asked the chief.

"I'll tell you that—and go halves with you," replied granddad, with a shamed giggle and a sly glance at Jack from under his eyebrows, "when you ketch them chaps you get the money back. But I guess you never will."

"Stranger things than that have happened—even in Chicago," laughed the detective. "The men—and the money—are found. A slight testimonial to the officers who made the capture might not be out of order; but you should 'go halves' with this young lady here, to whose shrewdness and prompt action their capture is really owing."

Granddad's face was a sight to behold.

"What! Ketched 'em, have you?" he cried, with a jocular chuckle. "Well, after all, son, with a quizzical glance at Jack, and a knowing nod toward the radiant girl face opposite, "I guess you needn't begrudge your old granddaddy his 'little fling.'"

Rudeness Rebuked.

An English squire of the eighteenth century once entered a private room in an inn clad just as he had dismounted from his horse—booted and spurred, wearing a muddy riding cloak, and carrying his hunting-crop in his hand.

He made a great noise and bluster in his entry, and the intrusion naturally offended the occupants of the room—a nobleman and some ladies.

The nobleman, however, bethought himself of a neat way of rebuking the country boor.

He rose and made him a very ceremonious bow, saying politely at the same time: "Sir, let me thank you; these ladies are vastly obliged to you."

"What? Why?" blurted out the squire.

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"For not bringing your horse into the room as well."

The squire withdrew abashed, and henceforth learned to restrain his rustic lack of manners in public.

Would Run No Risks.

Mrs. Chesterfield's telephone bell rang the other evening, and putting the receiver to her ear, she heard the voice of an intimate friend at the other end of the line, talking excitedly.

"Oh, Mrs. Chesterfield," said the voice, "I'm in a dreadful fix, my little Ann has diphtheria!"

"How awful!" was the response, "Is she in the house?"

"Of course," replied the voice, "I have a trained nurse for her."

"If she is in the house," said Mrs. Chesterfield, "I must ask you to hang up the receiver at once. I have small children of my own, you know, and diphtheria is so contagious. I don't want to seem unsympathetic, but I will not run any risks!"

CUPID and CANINE VERSUS COUNT

By VANCE C. CRISS

(Continued from first page.)

"Madge."

"Bess."

The words, the embrace, and the resounding kiss that followed the departure of the servant, left no doubt but that the dictator of fashions was most welcome. For several minutes the two girls talked excitedly, but always in low tones, Bess ever watchful lest someone enter the room or attempt to spy upon them. When the conversation closed, Miss Armond was informed concerning the plans for frustrating her wedding to the foreign nobleman and for consummating a marriage much more to her liking, as the blushing suffusing her cheeks told all too plainly. As Madge rose to go, the imprisoned girl threw both arms about her visitor's neck and was about to cry from excess of joy when the door swung open suddenly and Jonas Armond walked in.

"Yes, I think the change you suggest in the waist will be all right," began the daughter, but she could not conceal her happiness. She spoke in a most matter of fact tone and with an air of finality that indicated that the interview was at an end. With a bow to the father and a nod of approval to the young lady, the stranger left the room.

"Bess," exclaimed the parent, "I have come once more to ask you to cease your foolishness. This marriage is the end of your mother's and my ambitions and you should desire nothing better. Your love for that young scapegrace Easley was only a childish affair and there is absolutely no sense in sniveling around here as if you were getting ready for a funeral instead of preparing for your wedding to a highly-respected nobleman. Brace up and smile. Later in life you will laugh when you remember how silly you acted."

"I will do as you wish, father," replied the girl, and surprise was written in every line of Jonas Armond's face, for this declaration, were it as final as the words implied, meant the lifting of a fearful load from his mind. Knowing well the disposition of his daughter he had been constantly uneasy for fear she would attempt

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to escape and marry Easley in spite of the precautions he had taken; and even now he was not entirely convinced of her sincerity.

"Do you mean what you say?" he asked, and his blue eyes looked searchingly at her.

"Is this a time for joking?" she countered, and her gaze was as straightforward as her father's.

From that moment Bess was a very different person. She went about singing instead of sighing, laughing instead of crying, and manifesting every interest in the plans for her marriage to Count Dolenski. So complete was the transformation that she playfully teased her father about how she would scorn him, a mere American, after she had become a member of the nobility. If ever a girl was happy, Bess surely seemed to be, for every trace of her former melancholia had disappeared.

"Don't you suppose, Jonas," suggested Mrs. Armond, who understood her daughter better than did the father, "that Bess is planning something?"

"Of course not," rejoined the head of the family, a little indignant perhaps at the implied want of confidence in his judgment. "Like the sensible girl she is, she has seen what is proper and already has begun to regret her former conduct."

Preparations for the wedding went on apace, for it was now Wednesday and the ceremony was to be performed on Saturday morning in the little chapel near the estate. Though both parents had opposed having the marriage in the secluded church they were forced to yield to the wishes of their daughter, who threatened, if refused this one request, to create a scene by rejecting her titled suitor at the altar.

The nuptial morn dawned bright and clear. The sun beamed down on the fragrant flowers just opening their multi-colored petals to catch his quickening rays, while everywhere the birds, caroled forth glad lays as if their music were intended to be a feast march to bid the bride Godspeed upon her way.

It was almost the appointed hour to start for the quiet chapel, when Jonas Armond and his wife stood for a moment on the spacious veranda, quaffing delightful drafts from spring's overflowing cup of joy as they awaited their daughter, who was to leave them on this day. Bidden by a common impulse, each looked questioningly into the eyes of the other. Perhaps, after all, they would have been better to have allowed their daughter to have her way, the unspoken but mutually recognized thought of each. Both remembered the time, years ago, when they had opposed the wishes of parents and started through life together. Smiling at the reminiscence, they turned to face their only child. She greeted them cheerfully and in her evident de-

light the fear that perhaps she would be unhappy was forgotten.

It was only a short journey and the bridal party arrived in ample time at the quaint old chapel which nestled in a grove of ancient elms. Already nearly all of the invited guests had assembled, though, strange to say, the groom had not appeared. This attracted no attention at first, but as the belated guests came in and still the husband-to-be failed to present himself, questioning glances began to be cast about the room. At last everyone was there save Count Dolenski and his continued absence became the theme of numerous animated conversations carried on in whispers that were none too low.

But the wonderment of the guests was a trifle compared to that of Jonas Armond, who was both amazed and vexed at the delay occasioned by his chosen son-in-law. Rapidly his excitement increased until his measured pacing back and forth between the chapel and the road became apparently a race against time.

The conduct of the bride, however, was singularly out of keeping with the situation. She remained calm and seemed unaffected even by the almost pitying glances cast in her direction through the longnettes of fashionably gowned women.

But luckily the suspense was to continue little longer, for Jonas Armond, upon glancing down the road for a moment, saw an automobile and heaved a sigh of relief. Surely it could be no other than the groom, and the old man knew by the speed the machine was making that the driver was anxious to get to his destination.

Retracing his steps even more rapidly than during his previous performance, the highly agitated father rushed into the chapel and bade his daughter make her final preparations. Then he hastened again to the roadside that he might greet properly the distinguished man who was to become a member of his family.

By this time the car was almost upon him, when suddenly it seemed as if all bedlam had broken loose. The peaceful silence of the countryside was broken by the crack of revolvers, the "honk honk" of the motor horns and the discordant shouts of hysterical men. Alarmed by the noise, the guests hurried from the church, and added their high pitched exclamations of surprise to the general confusion. The bride and even the wedding were forgotten in the excitement of the moment and as the flying auto came to an abrupt stop every one crowded toward the throbbing machine.

Without warning, a grotesque figure was tossed from the car and everyone turned his attention to the strangely clad being. The man, for such it seemed to be, was followed by a bulldog that instinctively seized the stranger's trousers by the most convenient part and hung on with a tenacious grip. Wild howls of fear issued from the lips of the terrified newcomers, who danced madly about, too frightened to remain quiet enough to permit of anyone's coming to his relief.

"Safe me, hellup me," shrieked the creature, and with coattails flying out over the determined dog he made a rush for Jonas Armond. Then the guests recognized him. It was Count Dolenski.

Immediately a light dawned on the father and he looked about for his daughter. He was just in time to see her in the automobile waving a fond farewell as she passed from view around a distant corner. Angriely, the frate parent denounced his child and her fellow conspirators, while the count, having been freed from the stubborn canine, called down maledictions upon them all. But it was of no use! Bess was gone and there would be no marriage to a titled foreigner. The guests, betraying a lively interest in the whole affair, started homeward, and Armond and his wife, after bidding the count take care of himself, began their return to the country estate.

Just as they were turning into the shady avenue Jonas Armond espied for the second time that day, as he was driving, he did not have long to wait. The big motor stopped near him and in it were his daughter, four men and another young woman, whom he recognized as the "modiste" of four days before. Turning to him,

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